



GOOD-day to you, my friends and Valentines! Skating, and coasting, and snowballing are in danger, I am told, for there is a suspicious warmth in the air, and all the icicles in my meadow are shedding tears.

Ah, well! the course of true winter never did run smooth outside of the Arctic regions, so we may as well be content.

Meantime, we must improve the shining moments. February is a short month in this part of the country; therefore, without further delay, let us take up our first subject:

SPORT FOR MALDONADO BOYS.

DEAR MR. JACK: My father read something aloud to my little brother and myself last Saturday, that interested us very much. It was from Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," and I thought, as it was very short, I would copy it for you to show to your happy crowd. Here it is:

. . . We everywhere [near Maldonado, in Uruguay] saw great numbers of partridges (*Nothura major*). These birds do not go in coveys, nor do they conceal themselves like the English kind. It appears a very silly bird.

A man on horseback, by riding round and round in a circle, or rather in a spire, so as to approach closer each time, may knock on the head as many as he pleases. The more common method is to catch them with a noose, or little lazo, made of the stem of an ostrich's feather, fastened to the end of a long stick. A boy on a quiet old horse will frequently thus catch thirty or forty in a day.

You and the Little Schoolma'am will be sorry for these partridges and so am I, but that does not affect the fact that it means considerable fun for the Maldonado boys.

WALTER L. F.

A GARDEN PROTECTOR.

DEAR JACK: Is this statement true? It was sent to my mother, and the friend who sent it said he had cut it from the Houston "Post," published in Texas.

"A shoemaker of Hubbard City is about to patent a most useful invention. He calls it a patent garden protector. It consists of two pieces of hard wood, each about ten inches long, sharpened at one end and having a hole bored in the other. These are to be tied to the legs of chickens that infest gardens, with the sharp ends of the sticks in such a position that they will drag behind. Then when the chicken attempts to scratch, the sharp ends of the pieces of wood will stick in the ground and thus walk the chicken right out of the garden in spite of itself."

Your little friend,

HERBERT G.

Well, my boy. I've inquired of the Deacon, and he says "it sounds plausible"; but my birds titter over it very suspiciously. They tell me the domestic hen is exceedingly cute, and if she should find herself being walked out of a garden by any patented trick of this sort, she would not stop scratching, but would simply turn herself about and be walked into it again. Authorities differ, you see.

TOT'S ADOPTED FAMILY.

NOW you shall hear a true story, which has been written down on purpose for you by Tot's owner.

TOT came to me one morning with a puzzled and inquiring look in her large, beautiful brown eyes. "What *would* you do with him?" she seemed to say. "He worries me more than all the others put together."

Tot was a small cream-colored Eskimo dog, and it was one of her adopted children, a turtle, that was just then causing her motherly heart so much anxiety. After thus questioning me with her expressive eyes, a bright idea seemed to strike her. She ran to her closet and separated the troublesome turtle from the other members of her rather singular family, pushing him with her nose into a corner of the room. Then she brought some pieces of muslin, and covered him over so that not a bit of him could be seen. "There, now, I think he will sleep and give me time to attend to my other children," was her apparent comment.

Tot was in the habit of adopting all the motherless strays she came across. At the time of which I write, we had two little ducks that had been left orphans. Tot heard them complaining one day. It seemed to make her very miserable. At last she could bear it no longer; so downstairs she went, and, to my utter astonishment, returned with one of the ducklings, safe and sound, in her mouth, depositing it in the box with her three puppies. In the course of the day she succeeded in bringing the other little fellow upstairs and placing him with his brother. The ducks seemed quite happy with their adopted mother, and, when older, followed her everywhere, running after her, and screaming if she got too far ahead of them. A singular thing it was that Tot and her own children never injured these feathered foundlings. But I am sorry to say that Tot never loved the turtle, always covering up the ungainly little creature whenever it ventured to put out its head or be sociable with the rest of the family.

Your friend, A. E.

WINDOW PICTURES.

I'VE heard the dear Little Schoolma'am give wonderful accounts of beautiful things that she finds upon the school-room windows, on cold Monday mornings, when the big boy has belated himself in lighting the school-house stove—but they are tame compared with the scenes which your friend Mabel Nichols views at home. Hear this description which she has lately sent you:

WINDOW PICTURES.

FROM eve till dawn, the long night through,
Cold winter's elfin band
Such pictures drew
As never grew
Beneath the touch of human hand.
In dawn's dim light they faintly gleamed
On frozen panes, and glimpses seemed
To give of fairy-land.

The boughs of great old trees were bent
With silver sheen; and forth was sent
A frosty light from distant height,
Where glitt'ring spires appeared to sight,
And far-off castle walls.

Now here at hand, like a silver strand,
Hanging in mid-air fairily,
A drawbridge spanned the chasm grand,
Gleaming before us airily.

A stream flowed down the mountain's side,
And cast a silvery spray,
Then dashing on with leap and slide,
With graceful bound and easy glide,
It reached the boulders gray,
And in deep gorges swept away.

Now o'er the cold, gray landscape came
A wavering light, a pale rose tinge
That touched the leaves and mosses' fringe,
Then slowly grew to ruby flame
Setting the distant peaks aglow,
Melting from frozen heights their snow.

So fairy-land now fades away,
And we may watch in vain.
Our frost-made pictures melt from sight —
The drops roll down the pane.

WAS IT MAN'S FIRST DWELLING?

LONG, long ago some men traveling in the low countries of South America came upon a remarkable dwelling.

Only a little one-story habitation, seven feet by nine, left by its owner sweet and clean. A cot of one room, just large enough to hold a whole family of little ones, provided they did not need too much room for running and jumping.

Such a beautifully decorated little dwelling! None but a master in the art could have fashioned the delicately ornamented roof reaching high above the vines clinging about it—and a roof warranted not to leak during the hardest rain, and sure to last for ages and ages. There were two entrances to this primitive mansion, one at the front and one at the rear, not very large to be sure, but large enough for one to crawl through comfortably, and these entrances

scalloped and cut with a perfection not to be excelled — were always open, too, as if waiting for an occupant. And all to be had rent free! Now was not this a remarkable structure for our travelers to find in the wilderness?

There were unmistakable proofs, too, of its having been inhabited, and by savages, undoubtedly of a very ancient day. On examining the dwelling and remnants of others (for the discoverers found only one perfect one), these wise men decided it must have been at one time the bony covering of some animal of the armadillo family.

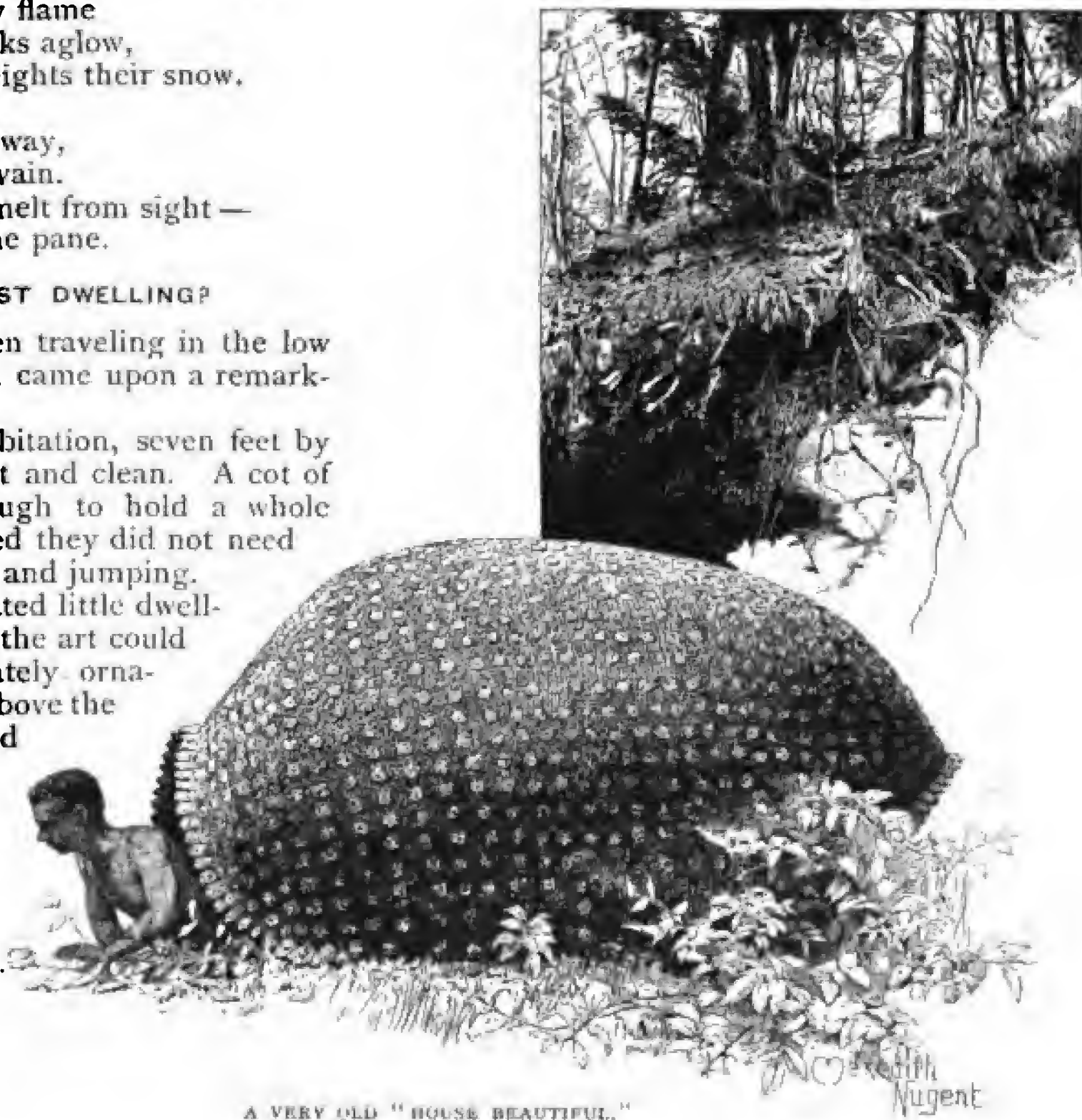
Further research and study convinced them they had found, not only a perfect armor of the *Glyptodon*, the gigantic armadillo of prehistoric times, but, what was still more wonderful, that this armor, abandoned by its original wearer, had become, probably, the very first habitation of man.

The only perfect one of these dwellings, now known to be in existence, is in the possession of the French Government, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris.

A number of casts or copies have been taken of this ancient homestead, and one of these is to be found in each of the larger museums in the United States.

FROM THE DEACON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"SPEAK as you think, be what you are, pay your debts."



A VERY OLD "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

THE LETTER-BOX.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT and the Little Schoolma'am request us to give their thanks to May G. M., of Troy, N. Y., and to D. B. McL. (who writes from Scotland), for good letters on the difference between red and white clovers. May's letter, they say, is excellent because it is the record of close personal observation of nature, and D. B.'s is admirable because it proves that when once his attention is called to a subject he is just the boy to study it up, and, on request, "pass along" the information he gains. They thank, also, Helen T. G., a little girl of Southern Dakota, who has sent them a very neatly written account of John James Audubon.

Judging from the letters Jack has received, it is very evident that the history of the great naturalist has lately been read by hundreds of his congregation.

CLINTON, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and am always glad when the day brings you. I like all of your stories. I have been so anxious to read "Lady Jane," I have been going up town every day for nearly a week to see if you had come. To-day brought you. It seemed real to us when we read of the kind Margaret who took Lady Jane in, for my little brother had a nurse that was an adopted daughter of Margaret's, and she had told us so many things about Margaret, how she was kind and good, and always ready to help the poor and needy.

Your little friend,

ALICE B.

DURING the winter season, whatever has to do with charity or helpful giving has an especial claim. And as the following letter from Mrs. Dodd embodies a practical and excellent plan for helping poor children, and one which, in part, answers the question often asked by children and young girls, "What can *we* do?" we gladly show it to our readers.

THE BROWNIES' GUILD.

GLEN RIDGE, Nov. 21, 1890.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READERS: You have all been so interested in the pictures of the busy "Brownies," that I am sure you will wish to join the real living little "Brownies," who are working for their needy and suffering brothers and sisters. If I but had the talent of Mr. Palmer Cox, I would draw a picture of my little Brownies carrying boxes and packages to homes of distress, to hospitals, and to cases of need, wherever they might be; but as it is, you will have to imagine such a one, with all the little Brownies, representing yourselves and your companions. This charity that I speak of exists now among the grown people, but we have formed a children's branch of this Guild, and call the children the "Brownies' Branch of the Needlework Guild of America." Each little society, wherever it may be, is independent, with the exception that a yearly report is to be sent once a year to headquarters. There need not be any sewing circles,

unless you desire them. By simply giving two articles of clothing for children, you become a member of the Guild, during a whole year! This seems very little, but, children, if you could only have been present at our last meeting, when, to our surprise and delight, we opened packages containing altogether two thousand garments, you could have seen how much many can do by each giving a little. The two meetings are in October and January, as then the distribution is more necessary than in the warmer months. Each Guild is formed of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, Directors, and Subscribers. The directors are those who collect from ten other people outside of the Guild-workers, so that when they hand in their yearly offering, their package will contain two garments given by themselves, with twenty others from their ten subscribers. It is of great advantage to be a director, as you have a vote in giving to any charity in which you may be interested. Any little boy or girl who can talk may be a Brownie, and even a director, as each child can surely get ten friends to contribute two garments each. The very first little Brownie who ever joined, and who is just eight years old, has fifteen subscribers. It would be better for the very little members to choose some older person for their president, until they are old enough to do for themselves. The garments given must be *new*; we know ourselves how nice a feeling it is, to have new clothes on; and while cast-off clothing has made many a child warm and comfortable, there is a little different feeling about being dressed in new clothes; one feels as if one could act better. Do not you all think so too? I hope I shall have encouraging words from all the places from which I see your letters dated in the "Letter-box." Help me to form a band of Brownies, all around the world, and remember that each guild will add a link. Not only form one for yourselves, but start them in other places. As it will be too late for the January work this year, let it be February, and then next year we may begin in good order. I shall be most happy to answer any questions that the Brownies may desire to ask, as this is a regularly organized guild, and we shall have to abide by its rules. All Brownie correspondence may be addressed to

MRS. CHARLES T. DODD,

Secretary of the Glen Ridge Branch, Glen Ridge,
New Jersey.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading your last number, and was so interested in "Lady Jane." I thought the little girls and boys might like to read a letter from New Orleans.

I am a little boy nine years old, and have two sisters, one eleven and the other eight. We have a Creole nurse who lives on Good Children Street. When she first came to us, four years ago, she could scarcely understand English, and, although a grown woman, had never been in the American portion of the city. You know Canal Street divides the city into two parts. The French is below and the English above.

Lady Jane's Mardi Gras was just as natural as could be. I have often seen a crowd of boys scrambling for nickels on the Banquette. I like to read travels and about fights.

In the October ST. NICHOLAS I read "How a Single Shot Won a Fight" over about five times. I think it was a pretty good shot, don't you?

I am just finishing "Robinson Crusoe," but always put down any book I am reading to exchange for the new ST. NICHOLAS. From your little friend,

AUDLEY MAXWELL P—.

WE are indebted to Mr. Thornycroft, the well-known builder of torpedo boats, for the following letter and the spirited picture which accompanies it. This instantaneous view of a torpedo boat at full speed is a welcome supplement to the article by Ensign J. M. Ellicott in the November ST. NICHOLAS.

from all points of the world come here to visit the cañon, I thought your readers might like to hear what a boy of eleven thinks of it.

We drove from our home in Cañon City to the top of the Grand Cañon in two hours and a half. The distance is about twelve miles by carriage road, which goes to the highest point. As we stood at the top, we could look down, down, to the Arkansas river, which runs through the cañon; by its side is the railroad, and the cars passed while we were looking over; they looked like little tin cars in the toy-stores. The river looked like a silver thread. By the side of the track were three tents; they looked like ant-hills; the track-walkers stay in these tents when they rest from walking; they walk the track always before every train is due, to see whether rocks are on the track;



THE "ARIETE" STEAMING AT FULL SPEED—MORE THAN 26 KNOTS AN HOUR.

EYOT VILLA, CHISWICK MALL,
Nov. 10, 1890.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some of the young members of my family have called my attention to the interesting article in your November number, entitled "David and Goliath in Naval Warfare." Will you allow me to make a slight correction? It was the "Ariete," built for the Spanish Government which, at the time it was built, was the fastest vessel afloat. The "Coureur," built later for the French navy did not attain quite so high a speed as given in your magazine; it was a sister vessel to the Ariete, but carried rather more load.

Will you accept the accompanying photograph of the Ariete which I myself took from the deck of another torpedo boat, when the Ariete was running at full speed?

The American torpedo boat, the "Cushing," I am pleased to say, is fitted with "Thornycroft" boilers, designed by my firm. Yours faithfully,

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT.

CAÑON CITY, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went to the top of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas last week. As so many people

if they find any, they flag the train, and it stops; men are then sent at once to take the rocks from the track. These rocks often fall; some of them are large enough to smash the cars.

Mama was afraid to let me look down, for it was two thousand feet to the bottom, and about a quarter of a mile across to the other side.

While we stood on the edge of the chasm, five ravens flew across to the other side; it was so quiet up there that we could hear the rustle of their wings.

We ate our lunch on a big rock at the top, and it tasted very good, for we were hungry. At the base of the entrance of the Grand Cañon, is marked on the rocks "5280 feet," which is the height from the level of the sea.

Then we climbed two thousand feet more, to the top, so we were 7280 feet above sea level.

There is a mountain near Cañon City called Monument Mountain; some people call it Frémont. When at the top of the cañon, the top of Monument Mountain is level with the eye.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS three years.

Ever your friend, HELBERT B—.

SCHLÜSSELBURG, GOVERNMENT OF ST. PETERSBURG,
RUSSIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Russia in the "Letter-Box," so I thought I would write you one, and I hope you will print it.

I have eight sisters and three brothers. Two of my brothers are in England, and the third one is at home, but the others come home for the summer holidays, and we have great fun!

We live on an island quite close to Lake Ladoga, and we generally bathe there every day if it is fine weather. Our island is called St. Catherine's Island; it is a mile long, and Empress Catherine built a palace here; our house is on the same foundation as the palace was, and we have some of her old furniture. The distance from here to St. Petersburg is sixty versts (nearly 40 miles). On another island, and very far from us, at the mouth of the Neva, is the fortress where Nihilists are kept.

Not long ago people were allowed to visit the fortress, but now it is forbidden; but, this winter the governor there has been ill, and the officer who took his place is a friend of my father's, so he let us go and see it. We did not see the prisoners' cells, but we saw a very nice church. In the church there is a Bible which was given by Peter the Great. The cover is gold, with some diamonds, rubies, and emeralds set in it. There is also a picture supposed to be painted by St. Luke, and which some Russians say works miracles. We were not allowed to see anything else.

We have a very nice skating-ground, with fir-trees all round it. We all skate every day. We have also an ice-hill on the skating ground, and we go down on small sledges or mats.

I like your stories very much, and I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the prettiest story I have ever read.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET MCC.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not resist giving you a few suggestions as to the proper answer of the question asked by your correspondent, Kate G. C., from Fort Du Chesne, some time ago: "Can Indians be civilized?" There are eighty-seven Indian boys in this building, the "Wigwam,"—a dozen of them little fellows, between twelve and fifteen, and just as full of fun, nonsense, and boyish life as the brightest white boys can be. What do you think some of them announced to me a few weeks ago? "A pair of little wrens are building in our honeysuckle vine." Soon every boy knew it. The house-raising was watched with interest, the four blue eggs hailed with delight, and, though many times a day the vines were parted, and the mother and her brood watched by eager black eyes, the little ones grew to the flying age so tame that when, one early morning a few days ago, they left their nest, the Indian boys played with them for a little while, and then saw them fly away with happy father and mother to the sheltering trees of the National Cemetery, near-by.

Can Indians be civilized?

Again: A tiny kitten, "the smallest thing, to live alone," as our youngest boy says, was found down the road, and brought to the sitting-room in the arms of a great six-foot Indian boy. Its bed is in the basement, but every morning it is found on the softest pillow of my lounge, brought up by some gentle pair

of hands. Midget, as the kitten is called, has eighty-seven devoted friends.

Can Indians be civilized?

The other day I was very busy. "I have ten thousand things to do at once," I exclaimed. "How I wish I could help you do some of them," was the earnest reply of a boy who has been here but seven months.

While I am writing, two Indian boys, a Sioux, from Dakota, and an Onondaga, from New York, are playing a game of chess by my table. A little full-blood Sioux boy, looking at the pictured bull-fights in a "Harper's Weekly," says: "Je whiz! What bad man, to try kill cow and cow kill horse! I no like it."

For three years I have been in daily contact with these boys, and have met with, not only perfect courtesy, but, better than that, perfect kindness and thoughtfulness toward me, and remarkable loyalty, harmony, and friendliness among themselves.

There are fourteen tribes represented; no quarreling, no bad feeling. What would "Kate G. C." say, I wonder, could she see what I am watching? Four good-looking, manly, Indian seniors, who are just graduated, playing tennis remarkably well. A fifth Indian senior is watching them—a clever, earnest fellow, who, as valedictorian of his class, has just taken the highest honor given by the school. If the Letter-Box printed illustrated letters, I would send you a picture of our "H. I. N."—Hampton Indian Nine—who play so good a game of ball, in so honest, fair, and gentlemanly a way, that they are sought by every neighboring club.

Can Indians be civilized?

Pardon me if my letter is too long. I hope, for the sake of justice to the Indians, that it is interesting enough to print.

Very sincerely yours,

A HAMPTON FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

MANY of our young readers, and their elders too, for that matter, will be glad to know that revised and enlarged editions of two excellent and most entertaining books for young folk have recently been issued by the United States Book Company, New York: "Histories of My Pets," and "Stories of My Childhood," by Grace Greenwood.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Louise W., Willie A. B., Jr., Belle A., L. W. J., Isabella C., Mabel E. W., Fanny T. and Rosa R. R., Milton D., Elsie M. R., Rhoda S., Nellie H., Ray B., Edythe P. G., Frances P., Lemuel A. DeB., Agnes R., "Three Irish Girls," Edith M. W., Maud R., Lutie M., B. F. and H. B., Harry W., W. B. G., Heine K., Keleka A., Mary S., Sophia G. M., Helen B., Isabel M. G., Marie W., Howard W. D., Margaret K., Marion and Edith, Bertie J. C., R. D. S., Irene, Nellie and Blanche, Catharine and Sibyl, Millicent W. D., Nellie U., Florence G. G., Leslie, Madge, Frank O. O. P., Florrie G., Tom C. G., Elsie G., Rachel B., Virginia E. V., Albert A., Elmer E. L., Alice G. R., G. B. F., M. E. D., May M., Leila C., Mary N., Emily D., Margaret A., E. Lowber S., May M., C. A. S., Mabel and Edith P., Marie L. M., Lucy H. C., E. N. H. and R. T. G., Anna M. G., Edna G., Nellie D., Willie K., Lola K., George, M. I. H., Hattie D., Rebecca B., "Cœur de Lion."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. New Year's Day. Cross-words: 1. Nayword. 2. Evasion. 3. Wadding. 4. Yestern. 5. Earlier. 6. Analogy. 7. Rhenish. 8. Slyness. 9. Dowager. 10. Acetate. 11. Yankees.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Raven. 2. Adore. 3. Votes. 4. Erect. 5. Nests.

OCTAGONS. I. 1. Cab. 2. Tamar. 3. Caloric. 4. Amoroso. 5. Baronet. 6. Risen. 7. Cot. II. 1. Car. 2. Laver. 3. Caravan. 4. Avarice. 5. Revived. 6. Racer. 7. Ned.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, chateau; 2 to 4, umpires; 1 to 3, caldron; 3 to 4, nations; 5 to 6, evident; 6 to 8, tedious; 5 to 7, eastern; 7 to 8, notions; 1 to 5, cede; 2 to 6, unit; 4 to 8, sips; 3 to 7, noon.

WORD-BUILDING. A, at, tan, tarn, train, rating, tearing, Tangiers, mastering, smattering.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Bayard: finals, Taylor. Cross-words: 1. Bonnet. 2. Armada. 3. Yearly. 4. Astral. 5. Rubigo. 6. Detour.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. The. 3. Thumb. 4. Emu. 5. B.

REVERSALS. Maria Edgeworth. 1. Tram. 2. Elba. 3. Liar. 4. Lodi. 5. Etna. 6. Live. 7. Rood. 8. Brag. 9. Sore. 10. Flow. 11. Ergo. 12. Leer. 13. Part. 14. Pooh.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. L. 2. Law. 3. Local. 4. Laconic. 5. Waned. 6. Lid. 7. C. II. 1. C. 2. Tar. 3. Tires. 4. Caravan. 5. Revel. 6. Sal. 7. N. III. 1. C. 2. Dar(k). 3. Danes. 4. Canteen. 5. Reeve. 6. Sec. 7. N. IV. 1. C. 2. Mar. 3. Meros. 4. Cartoon. 5. Roost. 6. Sot. 7. N. V. 1. N. 2. Ecl. 3. Error. 4. Nervous. 5. Loose. 6. Rue. 7. S.

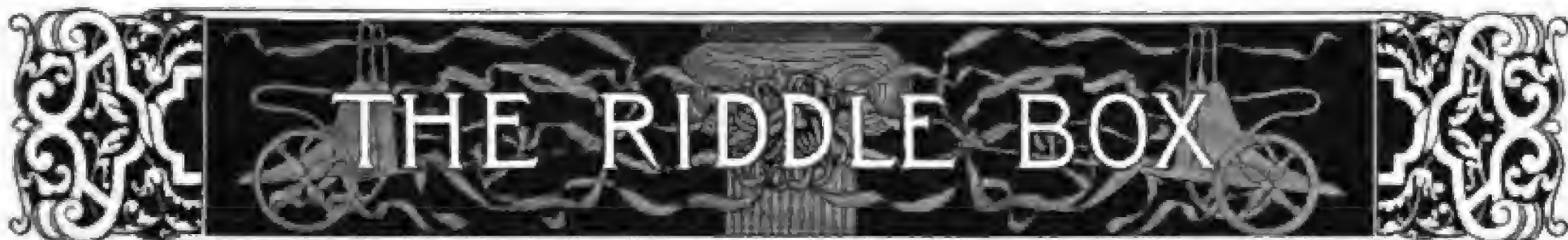
PENTAGON. 1. C. 2. Cad. 3. Caleb. 4. Calamus. 5. Demure. 6. Burse. 7. Seek.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Of all sound of all bells — bells, the music highest bordering upon heaven — most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year." CHARLES LAMB.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul Reese — Clare Sydney H. — Maud E. Palmer — E. M. G. — "Sandyside" — Annette Dembitz — "The McG.'s" — Mama and Jamie — Edith Sewall — Alice Mildred Blanke and Sister — Josephine Sherwood — "The Wise Five" — "Lehte" — Frank and Ned — "We Two" — "Infantry" — Jo and I — John W. Frothingham, Jr. — W. L. — Helen C. McCleary — "Paganini and Liszt" — "Uncle Mung" — Ralph Rainsford — Hubert L. Bingay — Ida C. Thallon — Reggie and Nellie — No Name — "Miss Flint" — Jessie and Miriam — "Charles Beaufort" — "Camp" — Isabel, Pansy, and Arthur — Scotia.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from H. S. and E. A. Coffin, 1 — E. A. and A. Jones, 2 — Hyme, 6 — H. M. C. and Co., 5 — S. W. and Emma Walton, 3 — R. Mount, 1 — "We Three," 5 — "Maud and Nell," 2 — Catherine Bell, 1 — Clara and Emma, 3 — C. and Estelle Ions, 2 — Albert Walton, 5 — Maud C. Maxwell, 6 — Joyce Wharmcliffe, 2 — "Pye," 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — "A Proud Pair," 8 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 3 — Honora Swartz, 3 — Alice C. Caldwell, 3 — Robert A. Stewart, 6 — "Blanche and Fred," 8 — Alice Duryee, 4 — M. Covington, 1 — Franklin Carter, Jr., 1 — Capole Cane, 4 — James Munro, 1 — "Dog and Cat," 8 — "May and 79," 6 — Laura Keady, Bertha Snyder, and Maud Huebener, 6 — Nellie M. Archer, 1 — "The Lancer," 3 — Edith D. White, 1 — "McGinty and Catnip," 1 — B. T., 2 — A. B. C. D., 1 — Georgette, 3 — A. and G. V., 1 — E. De Stael, 1 — Alice B. Ross, 1 — Phyllis, 1 — "The Nutshell," 6 — "Lucia and Co.," 8 — "Benedick and Beatrice," 6 — "Squire," 6 — Pearl F. Stevens, 7 — F. D. 3 — "Toodles," 2 — Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 8 — Mina and Florence, 5 — Elaa Behr, 3 — Sissie Hunter, 2 — Mollie V. Sayers, 8 — "White Star," 8 — Adrienne, 2 — "Mama and Elizabeth," 7.



PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain seven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the fourth row of letters will spell the name of a poet, the first row of letters will spell the name of one of his poems, and the last row of letters may all be found in the word comprehension.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Emblems. 2. Burdensome. 3. Amendments. 4. Sliding boxes. 5. Manifests. 6. Great numbers. 7. Small singing birds. 8. Derivations.

A TRIANGLE.

1	
2	19
3	. 18
4	. 17
5	. . . 16
6 15
7 14
8 13
9 12
10 11

1. A LETTER from Wales; 2 to 19, a Roman weight; from 3 to 18, a spring of mineral water; from 4 to 17, the instrument by which a ship is steered; from 5 to 16, empty; from 6 to 15, according to rule; from 7 to 14, an extract of lead; from 8 to 13, the act of drawing;

from 9 to 12, a band of musicians; from 10 to 11, pertaining to coins.

From 1 to 10, the surname of an eminent person who was born in February; from 11 to 19, a name given to the second day of February. G. F.

A NEST OF BIRDS.

EACH of the following descriptions suggests the name of a bird. Example: A vegetable and a winged animal. Answer, peafowl.

1. An insect, and one of a base-ball nine. 2. To fight, and a series. 3. A masculine nickname, and a preposition. 4. A share, and a steep elevation. 5. A farm-building, and to imbibe. 6. To murder, and a graceful animal. 7. A tract of low land, and a jolly time. 8. A state of equality, and to decay. 9. An instrument used in partaking of food, and a masculine nickname. 10. Much seen in winter, and what flags are made of. 11. A stupid fellow. 12. A lash, needy, and a masculine nickname. 13. A monarch, and a disciple of Izaak Walton. 14. A musical instrument, and a winged animal. 15. A worthless dog, and the Christian name of the author of "Ben Hur." 16. Found on the seashore, and a musician. 17. A foreign country. 18. Used by artists, to support, and an aquatic fowl. 19. A personal pronoun, and a preposition. 20. A tortoise, and the emblem of innocence. 21. Found in the barnyard, a letter, and a number. 22. A coin, and a biped. 23. To drink, and part of an army.

"KNIGHTLY POINT."

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A French pronoun. 3. To allow. 4. A time of fasting. 5. A small bay. 6. Tacit. 7. Small singing-birds. 8. A watchman. ELDRED AND ALICE.

